

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

In the heart of Lancashire, nestled between the towns of Nelson and Colne, stood the ancient Casterclife hill fort. It had witnessed countless centuries pass, its stones weathered by time and history. But on one moonlit night, the fort's silent walls came alive with a ghostly spectacle that would defy explanation.

As the clock struck midnight, a soft mist began to rise from the ground, swirling around the ruins of Casterclife. From the mist emerged a legion of ghostly Roman soldiers, their spectral forms clad in gleaming armor and draped in crimson cloaks. They marched in perfect formation, their footsteps echoing through the night as if the very earth itself paid homage to their presence. Led by a commanding centurion, the legionnaires followed an ancient and long-forgotten path that stretched for 19 miles. Through fields and forests, over streams and hills, the ghostly procession made its way with a solemn determination. The moon cast an eerie glow upon their translucent figures, turning their march into a haunting dance of shadows and light.

The journey led them to another relic of the past, the Ribchester Roman fort. The ancient stones of the fort seemed to recognize the arrival of their long-lost comrades, and a faint whisper of history resonated through the air. The fort's gates, long rusted and worn, creaked open of their own accord, inviting the ghostly legion inside.

Within the fort's walls, the spectral soldiers continued their solemn march, as if retracing the steps of their living counterparts from centuries ago. Their armor gleamed and their banners fluttered in the wind, though there was no breeze to stir them. It was as if the very essence of their past glory had been captured in this ethereal display.

As dawn broke and the first rays of sunlight began to pierce the horizon, the ghostly march gradually faded away. The mist receded, leaving behind the quiet ruins of the Ribchester fort. The centurion, last to depart, turned back one final time, as if bidding farewell to a world he could only touch through the veil of time.

The townsfolk of Nelson and Colne awoke to find their surroundings unchanged, but whispers of the spectral Roman march spread through the region like wildfire. It became a tale told by firesides and passed down through generations, a story that blurred the lines between history and legend.

And so, the ghostly Roman soldiers of Casterclife hill fort and Ribchester Roman fort continued to march through time, a reminder of the enduring power of the past and the stories it leaves behind. Their journey, though shrouded in mystery, became a source of wonder and inspiration for all who heard their tale, connecting the present to a distant and enigmatic past.

By Donald Jay.